

Address to a Locket.

The Words from Emma Corbet.

COME, thou soft and sacred favour,
The remembrance chaste impart;
Take thy station on my bosom,
Lightly lodging near the heart.
While that tender heart shall flutter,
Thou the secret cause shalt share;
Whether pleasure or disaster,
Thou shalt see what flirs it there.

When the hopes of happy tidings
Shall the sweet sensations move,
When the white and winged agents
Whisper friendship, whisper love;
Then, all sympathetic thrilling,
Thou the rosy form shalt guide;
While, as runs the giddy treasure,
Thou'rt the genius of the tide.

Happy, when this heart is sinking,
Thou shalt sooth the rising sigh;
When with woe surcharg'd, 'tis heaving,
Thou shalt see the reason why.
Come, thou dear and decent favour,
Learn what thou wilt ne'er impart;
Fix thy throne, and fix it ever
In the regions of my heart.

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